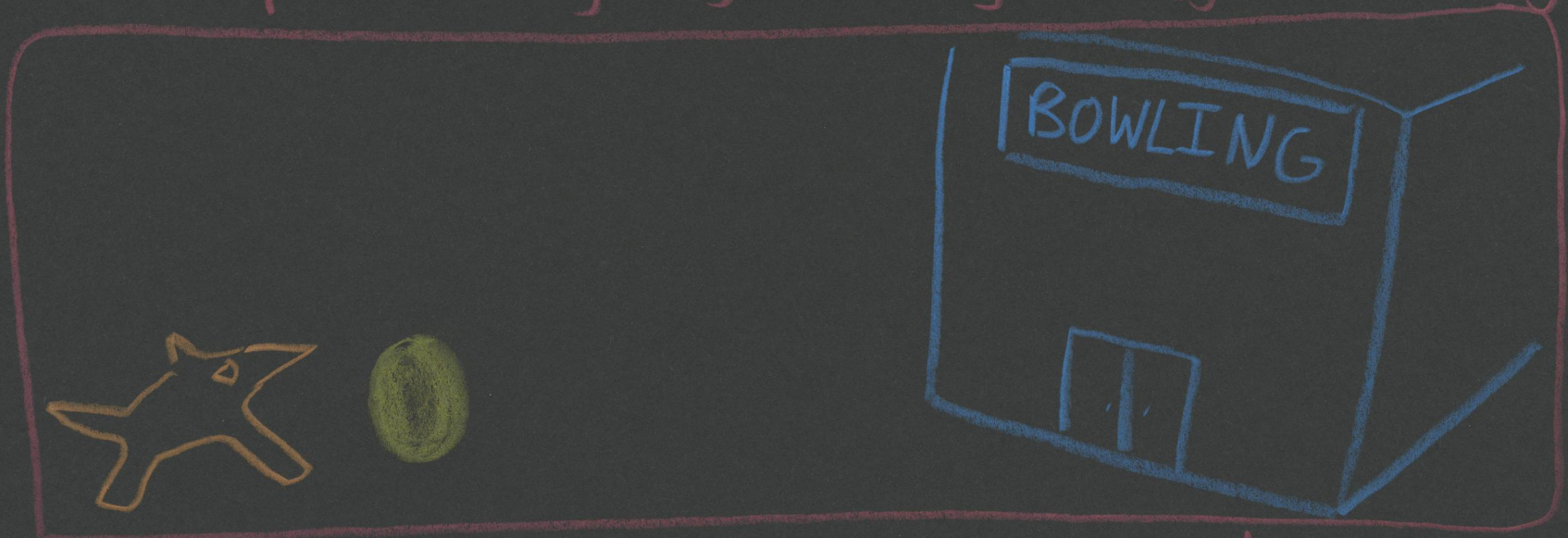


# The Hyena and the Golden Egg

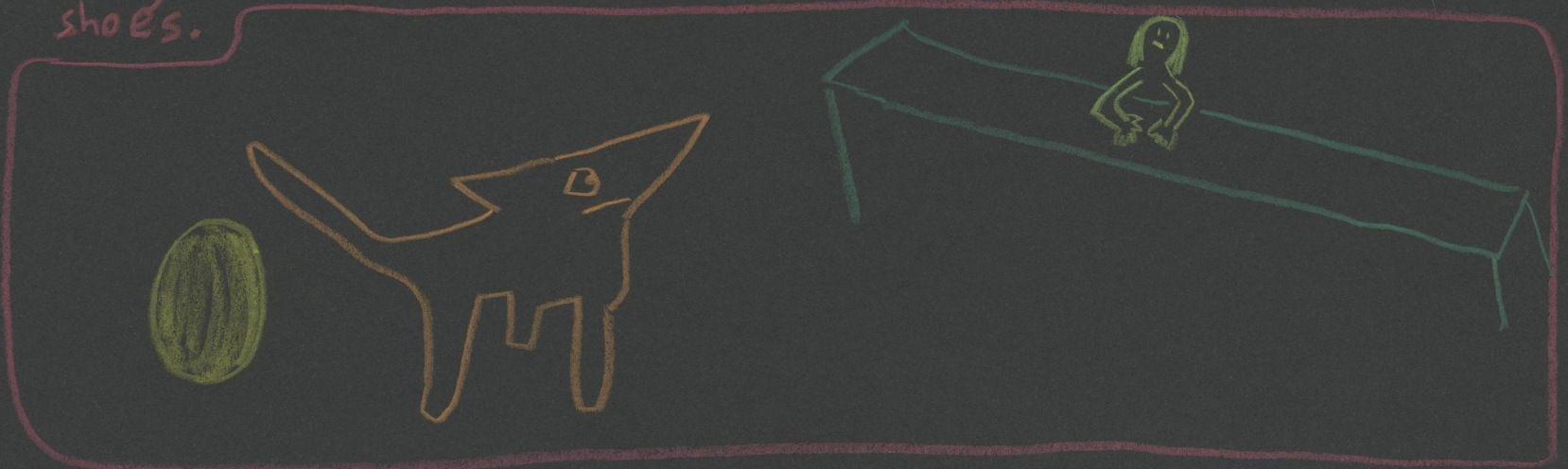




On a crisp winter's morning a hyena and a golden egg went bowling.



They strutted to the front counter to reserve a lane and red shoes.





"One large and four shoes, please,"  
said the hyena, who, by chance,  
was named Hyena.



"And what size?"



"Size four, please."



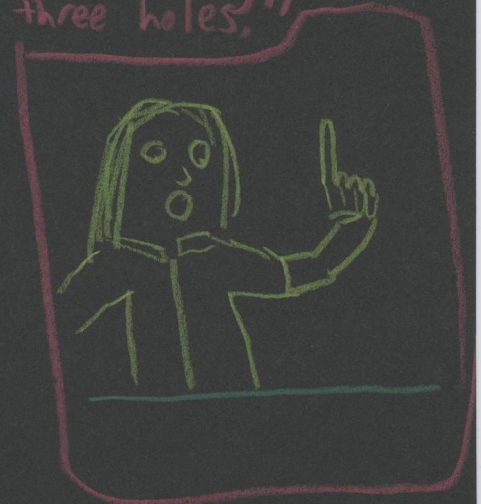
"And what size for your friend?"



"Oh no, this is my ball.  
All four shoes are for me,  
I'm a hyena, you understand."



"That's not a ball, I  
know a ball when I see  
one, Bowling balls have  
three holes."





Hyena took out his claw and poked  
three holes in the Golden Egg.



"Look closer, ma'am. This is a ball."





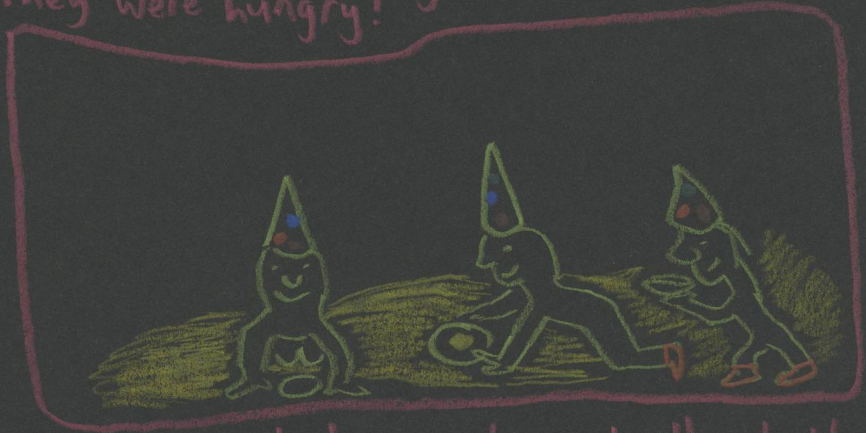
By this time yolk was spilling all over the carpeted section of the alley.



Hyena and the Golden Egg panicked because this was the GE's yolk they were eating.



Children from a birthday party nearby came with their cake forks and paper plates to scrape yolk off the ground onto their plates. They were hungry!



Hyena flashed his sharp teeth at the children. The children ran back to their lane and continued celebrating a birthday.





A man by himself in the next lane started jumping for joy. He wore fingerless gloves. Hena wondered where the fingers of his gloves went.



Maybe the fingers of his gloves went away for the same reason he had no friends to bowl with.





The screen above this man's lane showed a picture of a turkey. It was a very flashy screen and the turkey looked moist and delicious, as turkey is wont to be. Hyena's mouth opened like my mouth and a turkey sandwich. Hyena's mouth drooled and there was so much drool that the bowling expert man and Hyena both slipped at their next turns.



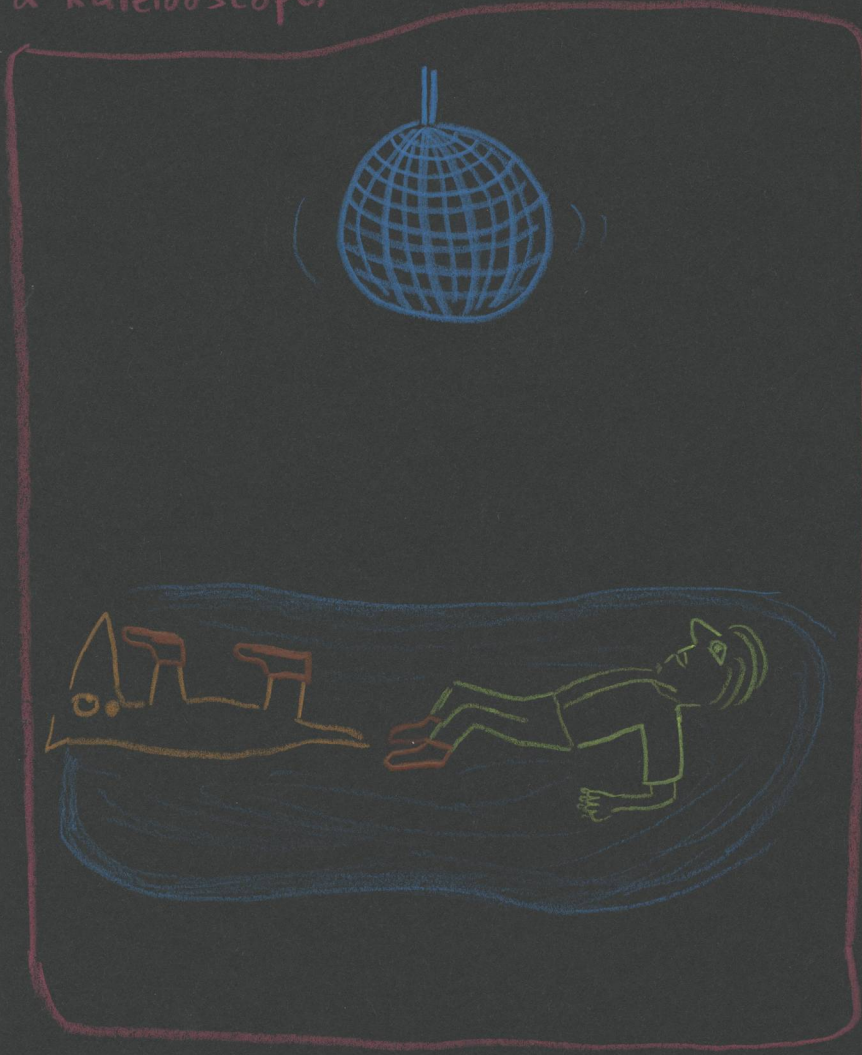


The man saw that Hyena was still hungry for the turkey and so the man said, by way of explanation, that 'turkey' is what it's called when you get three strikes in a row. Hyena continued drooling and the man explained that 'strike' is what it's called when you knock all ten pins down.

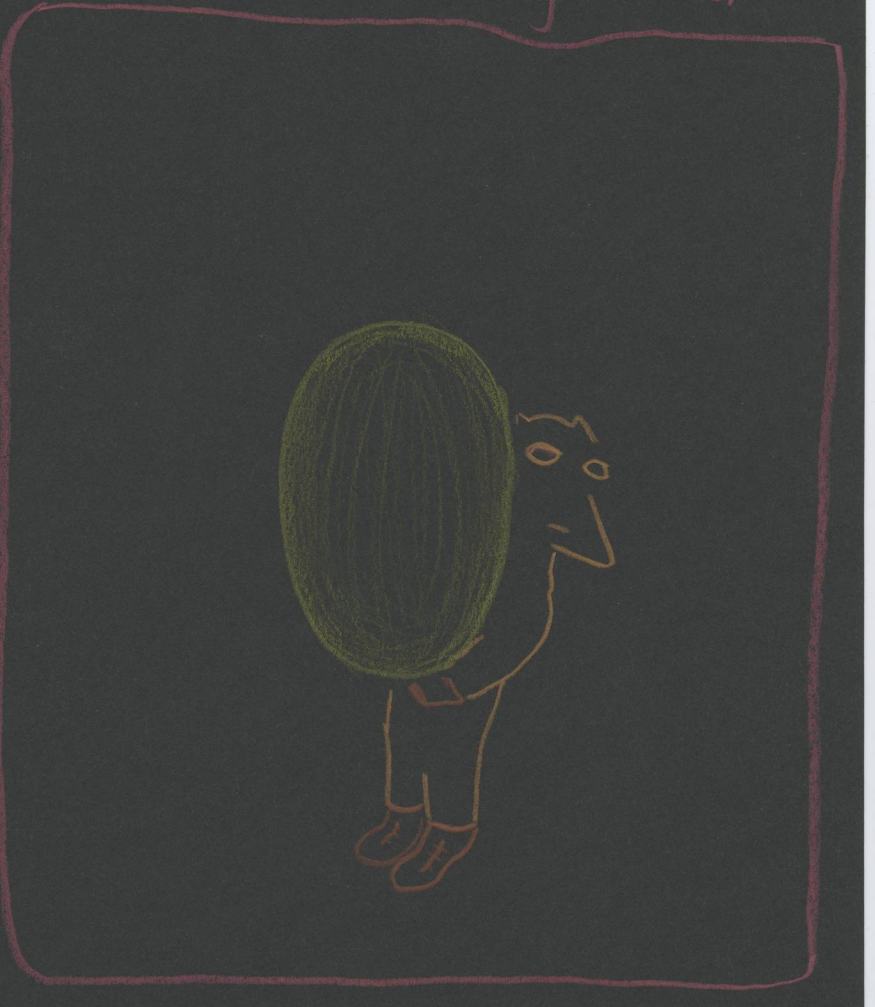




They stared up at the ceiling and Hyena saw a disco ball. There was cosmic bowling every night where 19-year-olds would come to bowl amidst flashing lights. Hyena was so dizzy that he thought his GE had turned into a kaleidoscope.



Then he realized that it was just a danceable ball like they have at parties, and he looked over at the Golden Egg with relief. Good ol' GE! The Golden Egg was looking dull as an egg, so Hyena carried his GE to the ball shining machine.

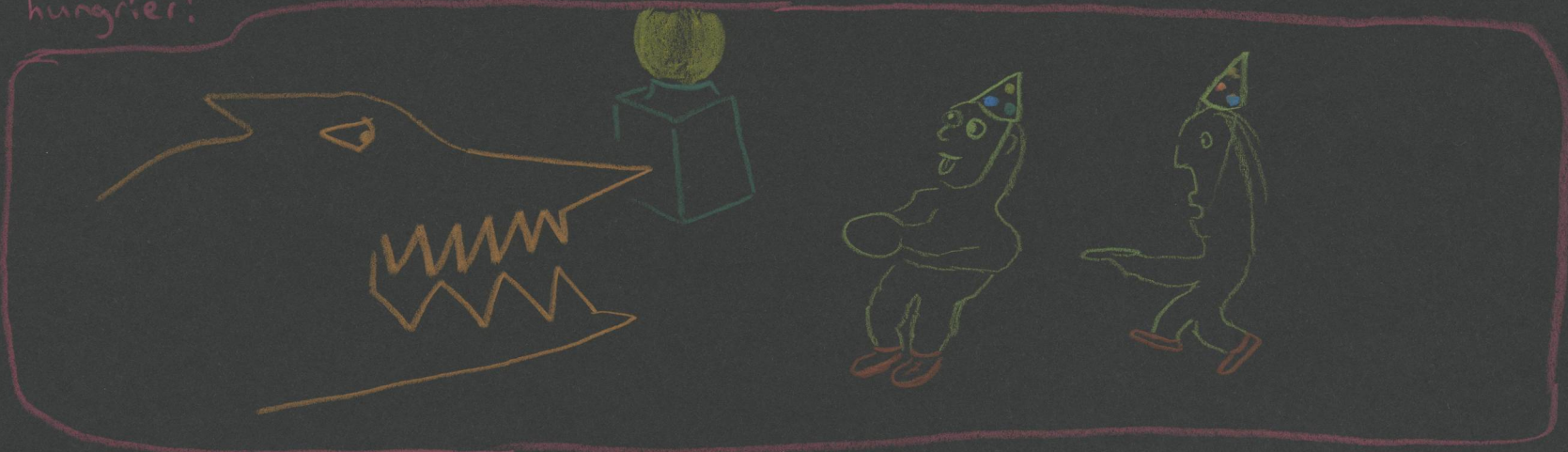




Suddenly, the bowling alley started to smell like scrambles (scrambled egg(s)). The children came back over with their cake forks and paper plates.



Hyena's teeth were even sharper than they were before. And the children were even hungrier!





Then the snack bar attendant came to the ball shining station. He thought that Hyena wanted to eat the children, judging by the sharp teeth and the children's hunger moans, which he mistakenly thought belonged to Hyena.





"Mr. Hyena, can I interest you in some onion rings? French fries perhaps?"



"Do you have panfries?"



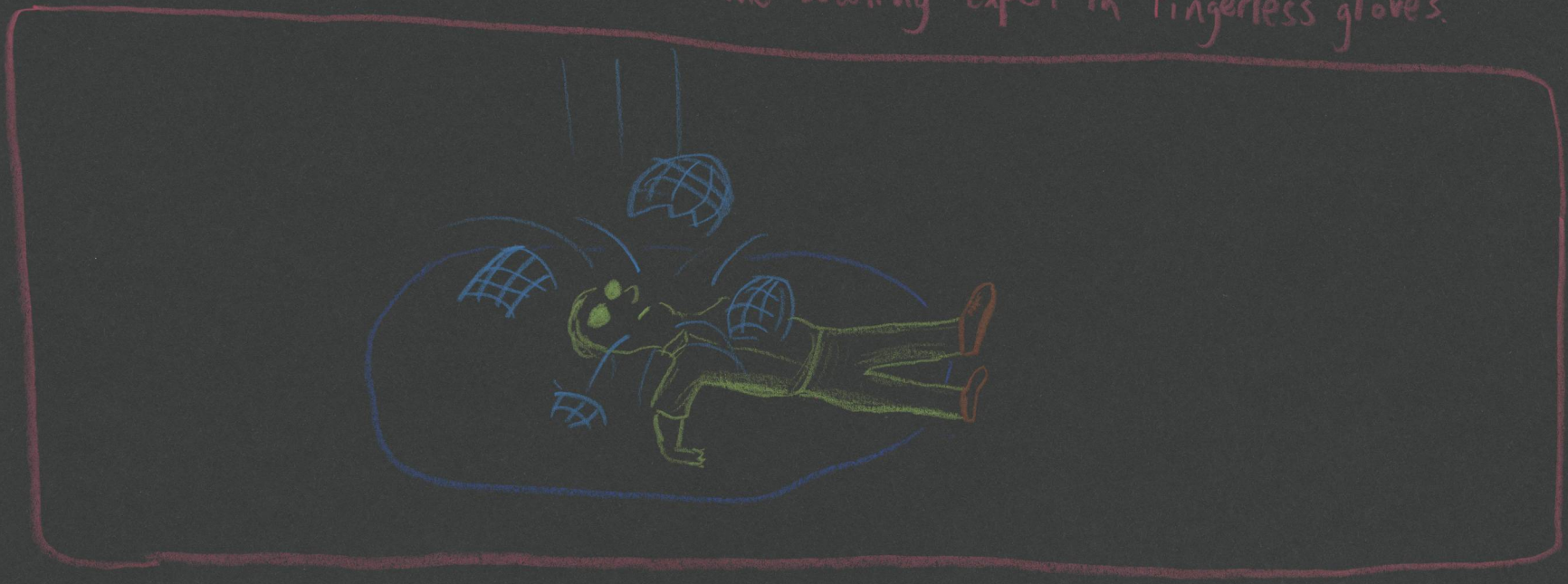
"Panfries, what's that?"



"They're a combination of pancakes and french fries. I could eat them all day!"

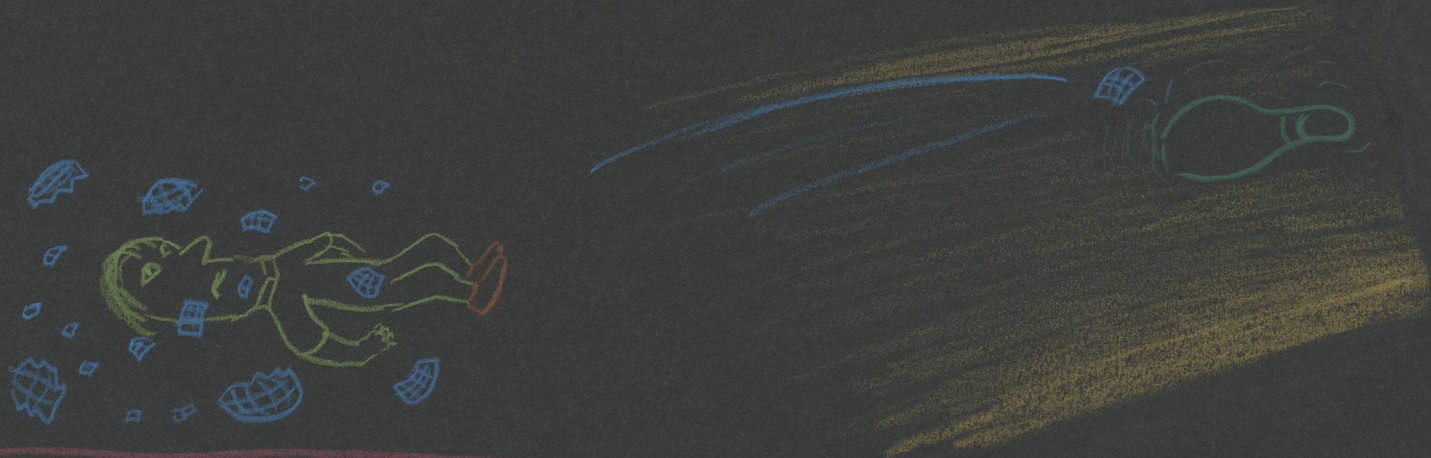


Just then the disco ball fell down on the bowling expert in fingerless gloves.





It shattered everywhere and a little piece of glass knocked over the pin that stood alone in the BEIFG's lane.

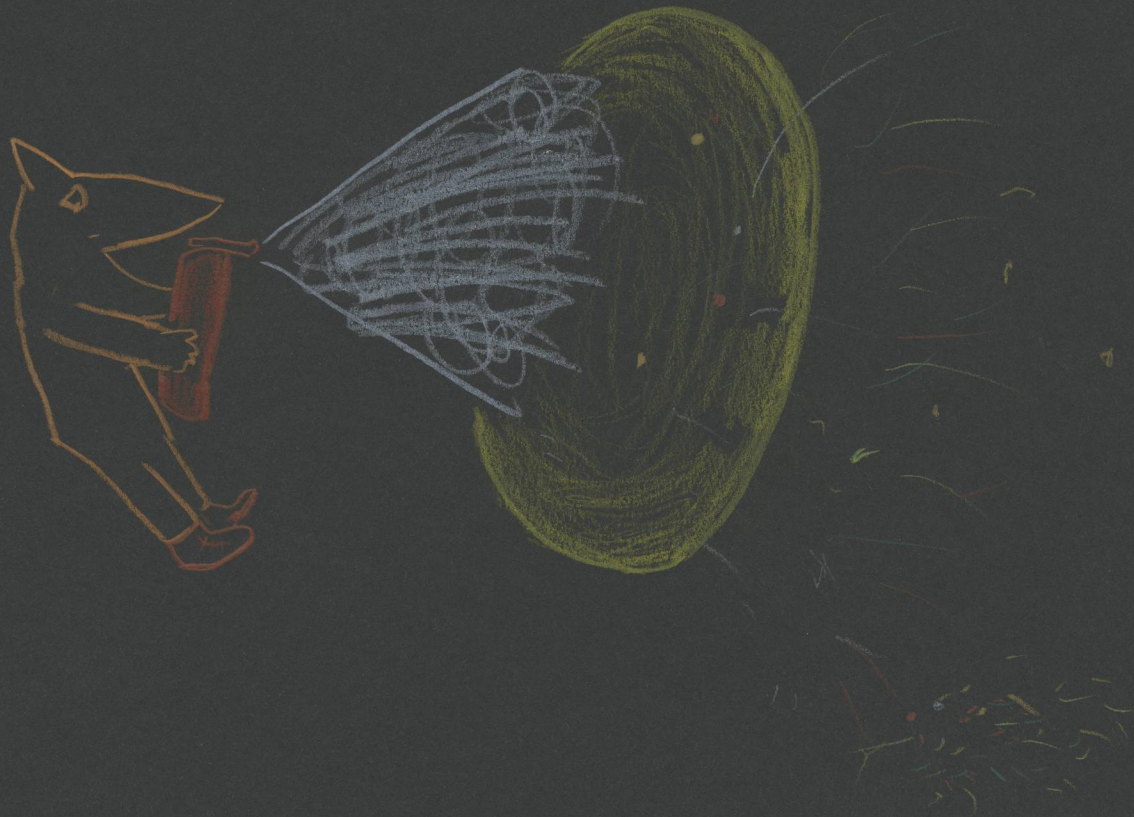


The flashy screen flashed the word "SPARE!" The Golden Egg ran to the rescue. The GE smashed mayonnaise, mustard and relish. The GE began spinning and the birthday children began to dance.





Hyena took out a fire extinguisher and sprayed the GE clean. The first rule in the Golden Egg Owner's Manual was to keep your golden egg shiny and free of grime.





Now that the GE was clean, Hyena picked up the GE and finally bowled. He got a perfect game (300 points)!



But it wouldn't have been possible without the Golden Egg. Good ol' GE, egggy as ever!

